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Battle forest.



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THE BATTLE FOREST:

A POEM.

BY

JOHN AUGUSTINE WILSTACH,

TRANSLATOR OF VIRGIL AND DANTE.

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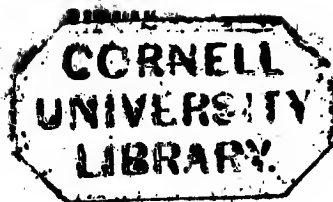
MRS. BENJAMIN HARRISON.

IN SEVEN PARTS:

1. TIPPIKANAU. 2. ELSKWATAWA. 3. THE WAR CHIEFS. 4. THE GROTTA.
5. THE WAR SONG. 6. THE CAMP. 7. THE VICTORY.
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THE BATTLE FOREST.

I.

TIPPIKANAU.

Muse, aid this story of the forest wide;
As moves the theme, be thou my favoring guide;

Here come in conflict races great of men;
Supply my memory slight, inspire my pen,
That men may sit attentive to a song
That rolls all echoes of this land along!

The scout, the interpreter, the efficient aid,
Well known to Harrison the place had made
Where stood the aboriginal force at bay,
At home, their Town, the shock of war to stay;

And, as the day wore on, the Indians showed,
Once and again, the hate that in them glowed,
And followed, lowering, all the army's path,
Concealing scarce their deep, consuming wrath.

But knew the White Chief well his mission high,

And, as he came to their intrenchments nigh,
Fear seized them, and they said, "We are for peace,

At least until to-morrow let war cease;
We would be friends and cruel bloodshed save."

"Agreed," the General said, and from a brave,
A Shawnee hunter, whom the White Chief knew,

Sought, as to camping, information true,
And what he asked obtained: "Westward and south

A creek is, with sweet waters for the mouth,
And 'mongst the lofty trees along its side,
Oaks, maples, elms, your men may well abide."

A halt the General called, and Dubois sent,
With Clarke and Taylor forward, aids intent
On prompt, intelligent service, to inspect
The ground the Indian mentioned, or select
Some other: "Here, meantime, stand we at rest,

And soon will know if truthfully speaks our guest.

Keep watchful eyes about ye, and what news
From straggling red men comes, that not refuse.

And, Captain Prince, take you an escort, go
In that direction wheres distinctly show
The skirting woods the course the river wends,
The river Tippikanau, see if tends
Our prudent progress thither; it seems best
Not on this Indian's word too much to rest."

When Prince returned, "Much marsh," he said,
"Toward the woods lies, and by springs is fed."

Came soon the reconnoiterers; content
Was with their words and pleased expression blent:

"Selected, General, as your aids, such grounds,
In this rare paradise of sights and sounds,
To seek, as may give rest, or strength, or war,
With haste, but care, we 've looked the country o'er,

And find, not far, the favorable field.
The Prophet has his savages near, concealed
Beyond a swamp adjacent to his Town,
Built firm with logs and palisades, whence his frown

Is fixed portentous on the coming fight.
Around his head he claims a holy light
Rays from the Indian's God supreme, which brings

Assurance full of victory, as he sings.
Yet little saw we of his Town or braves;
'Neath it the Wabash dashes murmuring waves;

Our errand was to find fit place for camp,
Not rough, not steep, nor flat, nor drear, nor damp.

It stands above the marsh a score of feet,
Is covered with a wood of monarchs meet
To save the men from flying shaft on shaft;
It tapers to the south, and gayly waft
A dimpling creek's clear waves November's leaves

Close on its west; its eastern side upheaves
Fair, fern-clad banks, turned to the marsh's face.

The lofty trees of brush but little trace
Have left to grow. Hence, safe's the way;
there wains

And men, and stores, and our artillery trains
Will have good place and good position find
Should the red foe to battle be inclined."
Such Dubois' words were, spoken for those sent

By Harrison to find a camp where tent,
And steed, and wheel, and glowing hearts of men
Might rest from warfare past, or meet the foe again.

Then thus the tried commander. "It is well;
Let now the bugles' echoes rise and swell
Throughout the force, and through the campaign round,
That all the stragglers may in rank be found;

And let the march begin, you in advance,
That this good field we may not miss by
chance!

There let the Almighty say whose right is
best,
Let hear the forest heights his name ad-
dressed!"

Fife, drum and trumpet thrilled the expect-
ant host,
Above them waved the flag, our country's
hoast,
Came on in order, infantry, cannon, horse,
The army moved in its appointed course.

From Cedar Bluff, an outside sentinel's eye
Could Harrison's last night's bivouac fires
esp,py,
Where camped he lay, some miles from this
famed field—
This lookout place could widespread surveys
yield.

Approached it was, first by canoe, which
drove
Three winding miles to where a lordly grove
O'erhung the river; thence a mile of steep,
Moss-covered cliff, whence freshet torrents
leap,
By active climbing overcome must be;
And then a step led to the prospect free.
And, at this day, this dream of height and
vale

Bears, not in vain, its name, Tecumseh's
Trail.

Near where the sentry saw the curling blue
Ascend to heaven, now stands our famed
Purdue.

While now bestrides the limpid Wabash,
then

Remote and silent, far from haunts of men,
An iron bridge, which learning leads to
parks,

Belt railroads, factories, and that scheme of
Sparks

To make a Minnetonka here, and on
Its banks to show a rival of Boulogne.

Whence came the sentry's orders forth? The
town,

Whose stretch of cabins, on the airy crown
Of prairie, skirted far the Wabash—thence
Went orders forth for forays and defense.

It's ruler was Tecumseh, when at home;
His absence gave the power in this his dome,
His citadel, his capital, unto one

Who claimed of prophecy gifts. Him so alone
Tecumseh would not trust, but left decree
That, in his absence, peace with whites should
be.

Injunction wise, spurned by the Prophet vain,
Who brought upon his people ruin's reign!

And why this town imperial loved he so?
Muse, tell us, of Tecumseh we would know!
It loved he that it meant the war he fought;
It built he for the advantage that it brought;
Its site strategic threatened and combined;
Vincennes it threatened, and the Ohio, lined
With teeming farms; and here tribes near
and far

Might centralize for any destined war.
For 'neath its walls a limpid highway flowed
Which times primeval often gayly showed
Streamed o'er by rustic navies, which the
lakes

United with the gulf; the portage breaks,
Alone Maumee and Wabash 'twixt, that line
Whereon the North, the West and South com-
bine;

A place desired, the choice abode remote
Of pre-historic races; this denote
The tumuli, still seen upon the crest
Of bluffs that crown the Tippikanau, blest
With all associations that may count
To make them of all dreams the fairy fount.
Behind it, to the north, a country flat
A refuge furnished, if it might be that
Some Fabius might arise to win success,
To give some Hannibal untold distress,
In following through the swamps of Kanka-
kee

The foe unsearchable, who might with glee
See quicksands swallow cavalry up, and wains
Sink deeper down for all a Hercules' pains.
Upon this highway, moons not far away,
Went forth an armament rich and bright and
gay,

Four hundred youths in eighty stanch canoes,
Five warriors placed in each, of iron thews.
Ah! hut to see them in their war paint, decked
In hues terrific, all with feathers flecked!

'Twas in the summer, and the natural brawn
Shown forth, and some had blankets on,
And some had hideous pelts with hideous
tints,

Some guns, some clubs, some arrows tipped
with flints

Or jasper heads, or agates polished gay,
Which they had brought from distant strait
or bay.

And all their tomahawks gleamed and scalp-
ing knives,

Threatening to faces pale and lilled lives;
And all the war-whoop sounded, often stirred
To this by mutual hint, or spoken word,

Or sign, or as a token of their hope
That they might soon with other warriors
cope.

Their faces showed that steady, stolid pose,
Which on the boy by imitation grows.

At times they saw the river lashed by winds
All into foaming serpents; sometimes lines
Of silvery light the moon traced o'er its face;

Sometimes, by sun and calm's united grace,
Broke their swift keels the mirror of the
waves,

The mirror picturing bison, deer, birds,
braves,

The headlands painted and the azure skies,
The inverted bluffs with varying tints and
dyes,

And upturned forests shimmering in the
breeze

And trembling with their wealth of lordly
trees,

How played the naiads with their shapely
guests

Within the billows pictured! Songs and
jests

The nymphs could hear, as floated through
their realm

Rude music's notes from every gallant helm.

There is a beauty in the early prime
Of nature seen not in the later time;

There is a freshness then, a choice perfume
That civilization hastens to its doom,

And, doomed, it ne'er can be replaced, the
tint,

Mixed of the skies and earth's all-modest
glint

Fair nature wears no art cosmetic yields;
And culture robs us of those perfumed fields.

Simplicity in character has more
Attractiveness than all a bookworm's lore.

And as the gallant navy stemmed the tide,
And flung its waves far forth to either side.

Shone in the midst Tecumseh, marvelous star
Of aboriginal history; braves from near and far
Had heard his summons; he with pride
Surveyed his force; the privilege denied*
Made it more precious to his arrogant soul,
Gave solace to the mighty dreams of dole
His heart held 'gainst a hated, insolent foe,
For to the Long Knife would this armament
show.

He deemed his wish no rule, no law for chiefs
Who sovereignty claimed above him, and who
griefs

Might show, by hint; if not in rapine wide,
At least by this armada on the tide
Of this great natural highway that must
here

In future float the Indian's bloody bier,
Or rise the theatre of his triumph; fear
Felt not his soul of all the future drear.

This quaint and antique navy came from
streams

North, south, and lakes of many legends'
themes,
'Twas walnut fired, or birch-bark sewed, or
lin'n

Carved out by lazy labor, while a fire
Of ash at times flashed forth its silvery pearls;
Then dimples Father Wabash shewed, as girls
When merry jests go round, or when is given
Some merited praise extols their worth to
heaven.

And where the God might seek to sink the
keel,

Was used the pine tree pitch the gaps to
heal,

Or wax from plenteous hives in tulip trees
Or gum one yet on varnished cherries sees.
On bends, round points, gave forth these forest
tars,

In honor of their admiral, fierce huzzas,
Or rippling rapids woke with cheer on cheer
Which from their coverts roused the startled
deer.

Whence came the name of Tippikanau, word
To town and river given, and this day heard
As designation of a county? Whence
The idea that gave the seat of power immense
That was to be, this quite peculiar name
By war forever linked with honored fame?
'Twas thus, the bard declares; the buffalo
These early fields commanded; here would
flow

Across the State his legions, and their course
Being changeless made them symbols true of
force;

And in the river gleamed the buffalo-fish,
The tyrant of the watery depths, whose wish
His subject sturgeons, bass, pike, muscalunge
Obeyed, all heedful of his vehement plunge.
On either element thus the symbol held,
On both it conquered and all rivalry quelled.
The northern tribes a boat call a cheemaun
(A boat's a ship, a deer grows from a fawn),
The Sacs keneu the great War Eagle call.
The bird supreme in sovereignty over all.
Tippi's the fish, Kanau the buffalo; we
Tippecanoe the inadequate name decree.

II.

ELSKWATAWA.

Came shades of evening on, then night, the
last
The Shawnee power should know; the luck-
less cast

Was thrown, within the Prophet's brooding
mind

To prudence lost, to obvious warnings blind:
The law Tecumseh gave him he would break,
The dreary marsh his Rubicon he would
make,

Heedless of all, and he would storm the gates
Which held behind them good and evil fates.
His choice was made, and now the high
priest, shrewd

And bold and eloquent, with care reviewed
The assembled army of his race, all glad
To do him reverent honor, and he bade
That, while the outside sentries kept remote
A vigilant watch, all should convene and
note

In council his instructions; then that all
Details of fight should to the war-chiefs fall.

Who was this lawless Prophet, placed in
power

Thus recklessly, and destined to bring sour
Defeat and overthrow to cautious plans?
The Tawa towns, the Mississinewan bands
Acknowledged him as leader; and the praise
His fellow-chieftains gave when he would
raise

His voice sonorous at the council-fire,
Took, in the way that personal traits inspire,
The form descriptive of a name, which said
This warrior has a voice of power and dread.
All this in Laulewasika was implied.

Then Penagashega, prophet honored, died,
And, as the Hebrew seer, who rose to heaven,
Transferred his mantle, so, divinely given,
The mantle of the Indian seer seemed apt,

Albeit this seer no flaming chariot rapt,
For Laulewasika's shoulders. He now bore
The name of Elskwatawa, Open Door.

Why he thus changed, with change of office,
name

Seems on our Muse to have no idle claim:
Some counsels he had held with black-robed
priests,

Some sermons he had heard interpreted, in-
creased

His scanty store of Scriptural knowledge; so
That, not through mighty winds, he knew,
nor glow

Of fire, nor quaking of the earth, the call
Came to the sacred seer, but still and small
The voice of Manitou descended soft,

Through zones empyreal, from calm realms
aloft.

From some such idea may have come the
change.

Fantastic, vain, and beautiful as strange.
The loud, clear voice of wrangling in debate,
The sharp punctilio in affairs of state,
Had had their use, their day, but now he
stood

The edifice, the temple of all good,
*The Indians so called general officers in allu-
sion to their swords.

The dazzling palace wherein all was stored
That yet remained of all his race's hoard
Of skill and wisdom, and the door wide
thrown

Of that new union, which, if they would own,
There entering they should strength and
courage find,

The dauntless will, the high heroic mind.
The assembled throng by one consent was
still,

Pleased to give homage to his sovereign will.

*He was acting in disregard of the wishes of the
Governor, Gen. Harrison, in approaching Vin-
cennes with so large a force.

Not more sedate grim ranks at Shiloh shone,
Nor iron squadrons glittering on the stone.
A thrill, from deep, mysterious silence, ran
Throughout the throng, and then the sage began,

Or, rather, stood in pose to speak, and slow
His words to form before their readier flow:

"Chieftains and fellow-warriors, not to-night
Have I to hold forth arguments for the fight;
I know your native ardor prompts you; vain,
Perhaps, would be my efforts to restrain
That boiling mass of valor flaming high
I see in every cheek, in every eye.

No! 'Tis but to remind you of the cause
For which you fight I speak; I beg you pause
But just enough to let the Long Knife fall
Into deep sleep before he hears the call
Of vengeance; then the Seventeen Fires* shall know

What 'tis to have this army for a foe,
An army which the consummate flower is known
Of princely worth such as should save a throne.

And while we wait, let me in part employ
The time that must elapse before the joy
Of victory greets ye, to recall our claims,
Your claims and mine, and history, and the aims

Our race proposes to itself to try,
Beguiled by treaties oft and frauds, and why,
Before so many worthies of our race,
The tribe of Shawnees claims supremacy's place.

Supremacy claim we even o'er the whites,
In their own methods even of claiming rights:
By journeying from a land beyond our land,
And sacred marriage joining hand to hand.
Approached the Shawnee ancestry from far,
Dim shores remote, where rests the sun his car;

And afterward came from Californian coasts
To Georgian vales our aboriginal hosts.
All that claimed, voyagers Columbus, Penn,
Hudson and Raleigh, Plymouth's Alden, when

They sought possession afterward, took too late,

Usurping what we held of prior date.
A Georgian maid there was, the daughter fair
Of a high lord the King had given the chair
Of sovereignty o'er all that pleasant Fire.

She, when my warrior-ancestor her sire
Approached to treat of grievances long borne,
Felt all her soul with fiery passions torn
Of love for him the Shawnee chieftain; prayed
Much she her princely father; they were made
Husband and wife: my origin comes from thence;

Marriage of princely lines gives no offense
To either line. No history can deny
That earlier settlement and that marriage tie.
The two, or either, make our rights supreme,
Rights which we hold as servants, for we deem

All honors held as held for you in trust,
To you we bow all humbly in the dust.
The heavy duty's ours to guard your lives
From all that, natural, supernatural, strives
To work ye harm, the ambush and the charm.
The evil eye, and ghosts, a grisly swarm.

Ah, brethren, that which us most deeply grieves

Is that you must expose your lives to thieves,

*The seventeen States at that time composing
the American Union, each State being regarded
by the Indians as a council fire.

Thieves who, instructed by the Seventeen
Fires,
Death's doom deserve, as traitors, murderers,
liars!

And, furthermore, let me some personal
things
Say, which, in this assemblage, will no
stings

Behind them leave, for here I only friends
Behold; to them no fault belongs, no sting
extends.

Me the Great Spirit grants to know the men
Who deal in magic—this I say again—
Me the Great Spirit grants to speak their
names,

And you commands to purge their guilt in
flames.

With his own hand the ancient prophet slew
False prophets at the book: I look to you,
As executioners of my will, as well herein
As in all cases where is quest of sin.

So did ye with the chief who crossed my path,
Base Leatherlips, who fell beneath your
wrath.

I, armed with this great power, name none
else now,

To-morrow I shall read on each man's brow
Praise written or condemnation; so die first
By sacred wounds, ere by my thunders cursed.
But die we shall not, that same power divine
Has granted me to cast that spell of mine,
Taught me by dusky angels of his throne,
Around the paleface. It is I alone

Possess it of his prophets. I will sing the
themes

Taught me by voices heard by me in dreams,
Voices of heavenly hosts above the stars,
Whilst you attack. The foe have thunder
cars,

Guns great and little; none shall hurt ye;
swords

In their hands held shall melt before my
words;

And horses' hoofs shall harm ye not, repelled,
Made vain by me, by my enchantments spelled.
Did I not, when the Long Knife called me
fool,

Ask Manitou for power the sun to rule?
Did not I, when it pleased me, gloom bring
down

Upon the world; bid cloudless noon to frown,
And universal nature wrap in black,
Grieved that your prophet due respect should
lack?

Ah, I can bring the moon down from her
sphere.

Or rain of stars, fraught with abundant fear,
But these great prodigies would forests burn
And kill my people; I their love would earn.
Wakan our northern allies mystery call,

Which o'er weak minds appears to cast a pall!
Mystery divine; on me no mystery preys.
Light, speech and power from heaven attend
my ways.

Saw ye not, but to-day, an eagle wheel
Sedate aloft, while smote the thunder's peal
All summits of the forest and the heights?
The storm not moved him, nor its dazzling
lights;

The sun, the cyclone, felt he neither, fear
Touched not his tawny bosom; nor does here,
Within my bosom, lurk of fear one trace;
I am this Eagle, I, in pride of place

Sail thus aloft o'er all the red men's Fires
That gleam in council wheresoe'er aspires
Our race to claim its rights; the Long Knife's
power

In fort or battle dies with this good hour."

And then a look repressive of a noise
 Applausive gave he, and made signs to boys
 Recumbent on the ground, his acolytes,
 'Twixt him and lads who held the pitch-pine
 lights.

Up from their place they sprang; the sacred
 wand

One held, the other, with a gesture fond,
 Held t'wards the chief the enchanted skin
 tattooed,

Whereon the sun and moon, in figures rude,
 And stars, gave token of its use divine,
 And, in due order set, curve, point and line,
 Or dark or light, of mystic lore made sign
 And heaven's interpretation and design.

That stern and staid impressiveness, like a
 mask,

Wore they, as did their chief, but still the
 task

Was pleasant, 'twas important, a high grace
 Held firm upon their comely faces' place;
 Great grandson, one, of Wa-pa-tha, the same
 Who 'neath Penn's treaty tree gained worthy
 fame;

The other scion was of Georgia's child,
 Le-moy-a-tun-gha, ever free and wild.

Not Ganymede, when stood he 'fore Jove's
 throne,

Rapt by the eagle on from zone to zone,
 More radiant stood, with boyish honors
 bright,

While from him beauteous Hebe in despite
 Turned her vexed eyes, what time the angry
 air

Of stately Juno showed her grim despair
 That her own daughter should be thought of
 worth

Less on Olympus than a son of earth,
 Than Wa-pa-tha's descendant stood impressed
 With every charm that ever boyhood blest.
 Nor Polycletus, e'en, nor Phidias' self,
 More beauty placed in goddess, fawn or elf
 Than showed their swart limbs where might
 fail to lap

The rabbit-robe, or frolic show a gap.
 Not more devoted are the chosen sons
 Of noble Roman houses 'neath the guns
 Of famed Saint Angelo's fort on festal days,
 When all its pomp and beauty Rome displays,
 Nor on the chapel's floor in Holy Week,
 Before the pontiff prostrate, mild and meek,
 Than were those scions of that native stock
 Which thus serenely faced the battle's shock.
 Bore cunning leers enough their merry cheeks;
 Indeed, within the last half dozen weeks,
 Much pork had these same pious acolytes
 killed,

With all a Nimrod's high ambition filled,
 Where flocks domestic roved in many a wood,
 And boasted bears had furnished forth the
 food;

Perhaps some inkling theirs of Moses' law,
 Or that in Blackstone they were not too raw
 To learn that on tame beasts one may not
 prey,

But only on those *feræ naturæ*.

The skin was of the far-sought wapiti,
 The large red deer which feeds in pastures
 tree

Beyond Missouri's gates, where mountains
 rise

Whose rocks to skillfullest hunters bring
 surprise;

And, once the skin's prepared, it e'er remains
 A flexible pelt, though wet with myriad rains.
 The wand was iron-wood, tipped at either
 end.

With gold refined, gold which the tribes
 pretend
 Comes from Peruvian mines, or missions
 taught

Far in the West, with every wonder fraught.
 The prophet took the enchanted wand, and
 threw

Sands from far western mines, diverse in hue,
 Upon the sign-wrought skin the boys upheld,
 And in the sand traced with the wand, as
 spelled,

Mysterious figures, hieroglyphs, designs,
 Contrived to have much force with ignorant
 minds;

Then, all intent, the fateful markings read
 In words half said, half sung, then solemnly
 said:

"The will of heaven is evident; the cause
 Divine we fight for will not let us pause.
 Not here to-night will I still further signs,
 Well known, repeat; form ye your battle lines;
 To-morrow will be need of prophecy none;
 Ye shall the proof see with the rising sun.
 Respond not by the war whoop to my speech,
 Let sacred silence reign, lest noise might
 reach

As far as to the sentries the Long Knife
 Has posted far towards our lines: the strife
 Expired, then shall we have good cause
 For joy, congratulation and applause."

He ended, and so fixed the habit was
 Of rendering answer as a warrior does
 That went to hundred lips a hundred hands
 To form the challenge, but his warlike bands
 Th' heroic chief kept awed by strict control,
 And gave the example of his lofty soul.

III.

THE WAR CHIEFS.

The war chiefs then withdrew to council,
 proud

That unto them was duty such allowed,
 The rules to fix, the measure of delay,
 And methods best of mingling in the fray,
 And when, combined, should launch their
 warlike force

All 'gainst the encampment; they must fix
 the course

Each hand should take, what chieftain each
 should lead,

What countersign, what signals, all should
 heed,

The front, rear, center, spaces and reserves,
 The approach direct or on the flanks in curves.
 What with the wounded must be done and
 dead

No thought they gave, so ruled their Prophet
 dread.

Around they passed the sacred calumet,
 Which tribes unite in friendly council met,
 Which warlike leagues confirm 'mongst
 allies sworn,
 Here heralding peace, and there denouncing
 scorn.

And 'mongst the chieftains was of pomp no
 lack.

There were White Loon, Stone-Eater, Win-
 nemac,

Chiefs of renown; they were the leaders tried
 Who, in the field would guide the battle's
 tide.

Not few the auxiliaries were the Shawnees
 had,

With various arms, in various costumes, clad.

There Sacs were, Kickapoahs, Ottawas,
 Pottawatamies, Chippewas bred to wars,
 And Winnebagoes, Wyandots, Miamis.
 And under chiefs of no mean grade were these.
 The lofty Shawnee warrior, orator, chief,
 Tecumseh would my lines have lent relief
 Had he been present, but the absent brave
 Sought with rash counsels the lost cause to
 save,
 And distant, midst the Southern groves of
 pine,
 Urged tribes remote to join his battle line.
 'Mongst the Sac warriors were Tapankee,
 grim,
 And Onondaki; what was hoped of him
 Comes from his name, Destroy Town; and
 were sent,
 That might the Sacs his name well supple-
 ment,
 With these, Sag-wa-na-te-kwish-u (a name
 Which means; if here a trope may privilege
 claim,
 In our own plain United States, unfurled,
 The Thunder-that-is-heard-around-the-world,
 And Ha-hah-kus-ka, the White Elk; and
 came
 From Kickapooan lodges braves of fame
 Wide-flaming; there Bout-sa-ca-ho-ka was,
 The Wolf, and Paca Rinqua; and uprose,
 For war vehement, Ottawa names:
 Tho-wa-na-wa, amongst them, was in flames
 For instant battle; and the mighty bulk
 Of Taupinibeh's slowly sailing bulk
 Launched war by Pottawataman zeal; and
 led
 Onoxa's plumes this festival of the dead.
 The Chippewau bands claimed Waubanoosa
 tall
 And Shamanetoo haughty ('twould appall
 Ears pious to know this God Almighty
 means,
 But blasphemy's the homage given by
 fiends);
 And, too, the Devil Standing (name profane)
 Mintongaboit; and in red war's train
 Strode the old warrior Wassachum—affrights
 His rendered name: 'tis First-to-start-the-
 Whites—
 The Winnebagoan hero. Sent the Wyandots
 Tyanumka, Terhataw, Tarhe; lots
 Cast late by valiant hands Miamian brought,
 Him whom prompt victory crowned, where'er
 he fought,
 Mashepesheewingqua, or Tiger's Face,
 Into the lists; and Cantanquar; a grace
 This aboriginal prince our beadroll lends:
 His name's the Sky; much glory therewith
 blends.
 He claimed, like Wattawamat, that the levin
 His father was, which, from a stormy heaven
 Crashed on an oak tree, on a mountain's
 height,
 Amidst the appalling darkness of the night,
 And from the riven oak the hero sprang
 All at a bound, while fierce his weapons rang.
 In ermine wrapped, with treaties' transcripts
 rolled,
 Safe in some woodland sanctuary old.
 Some grotto whereto comes no restless wind,
 And nature's to the hidden treasure kind,
 With chiefs Wyandot, had been given in
 guard
 The Great Belt of the Union, that not marred
 Upon it might be one sole hieroglyph,
 One bead, one course of wampum, for relief
 In this their symbol had a sacred hold
 Upon their consciences, it was their flag,
 each fold

Of which of ancient lineage spoke and dates
 remote;
 But vain with them as with the Epirote
 Were his loved symbols, when the hosts of
 Rome
 Whelmed in disaster banner, host and home.
 Two braves had sought concealment in the
 camp;
 The crime the same that gave Ulysses stamp
 Of strategy and valor. None deny
 This to a Greek; but, to a red man, spy
 Would be the weakest word our tongues
 could use,
 Unchivalrous, thus, the fallen to abuse;
 Their Trojan horse a clump of alders mie d
 With pawpaw bushes and the spiceo od;
 fixed
 Their backs against a lin'n and beach, two
 trees
 Whose shadow aided them; they were Shaw-
 nees;
 One Larshapahe was, the Tranquil Chief,
 The other Tamenatha, Arrow-Sheaf.
 Sour greeting they with honeyed greeting met,
 Said they were guests of their white brethren,
 yet
 A grave surmise the General had that here
 His Brutus was and Cassius, and severe
 His countenance was; his horse they had
 observed,
 The General's height and size, they sure
 deserved
 Short shrift, a rope or guns, but times of
 truce
 Counseled the affair be treated as a ruse
 Unpunished, and the humbled brave allowed
 To seek their own camp with vexation bowed.
 And braves were there from many a western
 vale,
 From many a mount, and many a charming
 dale,
 From tracks Canadian, where a mighty king
 Sought on defenseless homesteads war to
 bring;
 From Sainte Marie and shores Chequamegan;
 From where, o'er mines Gogebic, deer herds
 ran;
 From Pepin's Lake and Straits of Macinac,
 And where the Chippewau hears his foes
 Haha.*
 There were they met upon the forest's verge,
 Met what they claimed their God-given rights
 to urge,
 Met to contest the mastery of a world.
 Think what high force on Harrison's camp
 was hurled!
 Think how, sublime, with heavenly armor
 dight
 And weapon earthly, they had sought the
 fight!
 Ah, why begrudge this spray of asphodel
 Planted upon their graves? They suffering
 fell
 For what they deemed their sacred rights, not
 less
 Were sainted heroes ancient songs caress
 Sincere in all the battles where they bled.
 For these to native land were dearly wed,
 An ancestry was theirs of no far strand,
 Yet them invaded pilgrim band on band,
 And soon the invaders' masters were, and
 heaven
 Seemed upon them to pour but limpid levin.

*The Falls of Minnehaha, within the territory of the Dakotahs or Sioux, the hereditary enemies of the Chippewas, and near the boundary line, the Mississippi River.

Suppose they did not use the soil, that waste
Laid tracts primeval whereon beasts were
chased?

May I not with my own do what I will
May I not nature love, each tree and rill?
May I not have of lengthening leagues a lawn,
And pasture there the bison, bear and fawn?

And when I praise the warrior, I praise not
Wild license, rapine, lawless scheme and plot.
My poet none Columbia claims as bard
Mourn States controlled by power's Pretorian
Guard,

But may free, unbought voter, free, noble
speech,

Be the rich heritage of all and each!
What is our civilization? Is't that scope
For malice may be given to murderers; Swope
And Goodloe? Or that hot Kincaid may find
In Taubee's blood help for his anger blind?

All whites these were of station high and tone
Exalted, yet the first sad pair must own
They carried each for each the gun and knife
Nor place nor time was heeded; and the strife
Came, with the last pair, while our statesmen
laws

Were framing in the Capitol, and the cause
Of Christian civilization in its home
The insult felt, beneath Columbia's dome.

Used to the horse the Indian is, the lance
Is his to use, with trappings of romance,
But suffered not the marsh, the night, the
trees,

This friend of man his battle-rage to ease,
And corralled stood the neighing chargers,
drawn

Forth from the lines, until the day should
dawn

With joyful tidings to be sent with speed,
Or grievous dole which no dispatch would
need;

And ordered were their riders in reserve
To aid the line should e'er the footmen
swerve.

Few in that throng of fighting men lacked
dress,
The season mild made them content with
less

Than claims the rigorous winter, but parade
Of taste and acquisitions many made
Fastidious, and the occasion gave them cause
Long in their savage toilets to make pause.

Stripped to the waist were many, breast,
arms, nude,

And painted thick with horrid pigments rude,
While on their backs and sides were spaces
strewed

With guns, bows, horses, arrows, there tat-
tooed.

All o'er the warlike cheeks and necks was
spread

A background of vermilion's brilliant red,
And stripes alternate, sepia, yellow, green,
To aid their barbarous guise, thereon were
seen.

The hunting shirt of doeskin, leggins oft,
And moccasins frequent, of the buckskin
soft,

Blankets some wore, and some the savage
hide

Stripped from some denizen of the forest
wide,

Or roamer of the endless prairie's range;
And, in costume exceeding weird and strange,
Some helmets wore of the red fox, and free
The pelt fell o'er the shoulders to the knee,

Or yellow wolf-skin, drawn on as a hood,
As if within a beast a hero stood.

So Aventinus, friend of Turanus, came
Tricked to the war (that war Ansonia's fame
Fixed changelessly) in shaggy vesture dread
A panther's full pelt furnished; o'er his head
The panther's face rose horrible, and shone
The white teeth of the beast above his own;
More hideous gear than Roland wore, or
masks

By white-capped white men worn, when law-
less tasks

Employ them 'gainst their neighbors, and the
night

Is soiled with civilized crime against the right.
Of trinkets, rings, chains, amulets, some were
seen;

The exquisite; or wild, or cultured, gleam
Will from the fertile fields of fashion brass,
Gold, silver, copper, chalcedony, glass;
And medals graced at time a lordly breast,
Some sacred, secular some, and worn to attest
Regard for him that gave them, king or
priest,

Great father, trader, sachem, west or east.

The tomahawk, the rifle for the strife,
Some had, and hung and belted was the knife;
But others, wanting rifles, war clubs held,
Whereby was many a doughty foeman felled.
The bow and arrow found their famed ex-
perts,

Skilled to inflict with these arms mortal
hurts.

Most richly were the three great chieftains
dressed,

As of control supreme in right possessed;
Therein priority was given them, since
Costume must always indicate the prince.
Shirt, leggins, moccasins fine, with heads
were trimmed

Of larger size, with ruddier tintage; rimmed
All the edges were with brilliant red; and
flashed

Pistols and dirks from leather belts, while
sashed

Superbly were these chieftains, nor denied

Each one the polished rifle at his side.

Their tomahawks with new-given sharpness
shone,

Glistened their medals large, full weird the
tone

The little silver bells gave forth, which hung
One following each gray eagle feathers strung
Along the beaded leggins, snugly dight

With thongs of wolf-skin for this final fight.
Knives round their necks in scabbards hung
of hide,

Wherein their wives or daughters loved had
vied

Effect to give with hedgehog quills and beads
And tinted glasses meet for bloody deeds.

Full-feathered were they, beautifully gay:

Upon their heads the eagle's honors play;

Each round red dot upon the feathers dread

Worn by a warrior means an enemy dead,

Or man or woman, means a herald sent

Before to the Valhalla, with intent

That there the record may be kept as here,

Grim rubric read of strife and force and fear!

IV.

THE GROTTO.

Stood forth the face of rock in rugged lines,
Whereon from trees above came clustering
vines

Grape-loaded in their season, mixed with hues
That come from tribute given of early dews,

The varied glow May brings, and mosses, ferns
 And simple flowers the year advancing earns.
 Such was the grotto's face when nature smiled,
 A pleasing nook, and ne'er severely wild.
 The praise of Daphnis Roman shepherds sung,
 In their Sicilian grotto, from the tongue
 Of loyalty came never freer forth
 Than hence in vain came praise of prostrate worth.

Thither, when closed the hearing, and began
 The chiefs to counsel o'er their battle-plan,
 Went forth the Prophet and his nieces twain,
 Their chosen place of rendezvous to gain,
 Their devious, dim and secret way to wend,
 While threatened mists the starlight's reign
 to end.
 Westward it was from where the encampment
 slept,
 Or feigned to sleep, so near that if but slept
 A sentry's foot on twig or bark that cracked,
 The noise was easily by the hearing tracked.
 Across a flat and marshy space the view
 Took in the encampment's point, the red,
 white, blue,
 And all the numerous fires that lit the skies
 To render warmth and guard against sur-
 prise.

The grotto was not lofty; rose a bluff
 Not steep, and half way up its face, enough
 Had nature excavated of a space
 To make a niche or cozy tarrying-place,
 A niche made broad where might sit three or
 four
 And, sheltered, hear winds roar, see torrents
 pour.
 The floor was highly pitched against the
 back,
 In front it had enough of level's lack
 To make it quite convenient as a seat,
 Whence forward fell the rested sitter's feet.
 Thither has shaggy bison robes been brought
 By menials apt, zealous to think of aught
 That should be done, and mantles soft of
 mink
 Invited tired limbs therein to sink.

Not unknown to the nieces was this cave,
 Oft they it trusted their fatigues to save;
 Distant not far from the imperial seat,
 For strolling friends or lovers a retreat.
 Oft thither they had walked, and there had sat
 To pass the pleasant time in pleasant chat,
 Or rest within its grateful, cool recess,
 Their subjects such as many a white princess
 Has often interested, gossip, dress,
 Ambitions which all women alike possess,
 The latest hunting party, or the dance,
 Or some toray, defeat, retreat, advance.
 War none the less had interest for these
 dames
 Than for our veterans, or their wives, or
 flames.
 Modest they were and graceful; Indian lore
 Of heroes of this race has precious store;
 Prized women, too, were theirs, and peerless
 those
 Whose fame now haunts our verse, and
 therein grows.
 They Tawala and Tawalara were,
 Descendant one of Puc-ke-che-no, fair
 Historic name in Georgia's legends wrought;
 The other child of Chee-see-ah-qua; sought
 In all ill fates Tecumseh him, until
 Death's bolt him sent a hero's grave to fill.

Mothers they lost in earlier years, reclined
 Their hopes upon their uncle's manners kind;
 The youngest, Chee-see-ah-qua's child, more
 care

He seemed to give, but loved alike the pair.
 There sat the three within the grotto's
 shade,

The middle place the Prophet's, and arrayed
 On either side the maidens were, and placed
 So that Tawala his good right hand graced.
 Clad simply in a robe of beaver pelts
 The Prophet was, beneath which little else
 Marked his costume than the accustomed
 guise

Of tunic, leggings held by feathered ties,
 And moccasins headed; on his head he wore
 A turban of rich stuffs, velvet and satin, gore
 By gore, a present from a captain high
 Canadian, who it sent with words to imply
 That he should wear it as a king his crown,
 So were his courteous compliments written
 down.

Rose from the midst an eagle feather broad,
 That thereby more might be the observer
 awed.

Hung from his neck his medals wide, three,
 four,

Perhaps the beaver robe hid several more.
 No wand of sovereignty he held, or mace,
 Or staff; into his hands with dainty grace
 Tawala placed his pipe, an heirloom come
 From times ancestral, and her little thumb
 Charged it with fragrant sumach, and by
 dint

Of catching sparks on punk 'twixt steel and
 flint,

Put fire upon the charge; but yet he held
 The pipe not to his lips, but sat as spelled.
 And quietly by him sat each lovely aid,
 Content to rest; since early morn had weighed
 Upon their minds the public business; haste
 Had given them scarce of rest a moment's
 taste;

And now a vigil long before them rose,
 Cut off from friends, in face of powerful foes.
 Dressed were they with unusual height of
 care;

Their uncle dreaded for them the night air,
 And hints had given jupons to wear and
 skirts

Such as might save them from the season's
 hurts,

The softest fawnskins fitted to their forms,
 And all that paraphernalia that protects and
 warms.

Short were their dresses both, but leggings
 meet

Gave them continuations to their feet;
 To walk, to romp, to mount the pony's back,
 Required their dresses length should some-
 what lack.

A neat embroidery fair of beaded work
 Leggings and moccasins had, nor failed to lurk
 Within the needlework hints of Indian lays,
 Which moonlight sung and birds and flowers
 and fays.

A scarlet vest the younger wore, there wound
 Three onyx buttonrows sent from Puget's
 Sound.

Earrings were theirs, and necklaces, of gold;
 Bracelets on wrist and upper arm; a fold
 Superb of beaded wampum made the belt.
 Envy thereof by all maids might be felt;
 Would reach each string thereof a length
 Might well of envy's rage excite the strength,
 And unto other Indian maidens show,
 As does among white dames the diamonds
 glow

A disposition costly things to wear,
With father, uncle, spouse, the expense to
bear.

The elder cousin's costume sympathy knew
With something told a crisis onward drew.
She wore, this night, a cross of silver given
By a black gown, who gesture made to
heaven;

A benediction bore the cross, laid on
By lofty hands Italian; she was drawn,
In deep, long musings to recall the time
And those glad Easter bells with chime on
chime.

This symbol of an alien faith she pressed
Often upon the throbbings of her breast,
And high prayers muttered, with her eyes up-
turned,

From priest, interpreter or prophet learned.
For ribbons had the elder girl slight care,
But England's present showed the younger's
hair,

Far down her back her glossy tresses flowed,
And through the waves bright knots of color
glowed.

Else headgear none was theirs, except a
plume

Of snow-white swan's down fastened by a
comb

Of tortoise-shell danced Tawalara o'er,
And one rich ornament her cousin wore.

A flexible coronet of gold held bound
The abundant hair her comely temples round,
The abundant hair whose rippling waves
deserved

To be the Crown's betwixt and Leo's lights
observed.

Drousset's young gift, a souvenir of the dance,
It had adorned the unfortunate Queen of
France.

To history known by Rohan's necklace given,
Fair Antoinette, by murder sent to heaven.
A cedar spray the elder maiden held:

Placed midst the feast it gives delight, and
quelled

Are evil spirits when 'tis hurned, by rise
Of its sweet incense upward to the skies.

A cloak the youngest wore with ermine
fringed

And made of tails of foxes purple tinged;
A turkey-feather fan within her lap

Hung from her belt, thereby held from mis-
hap.

The elder cousin boasted ermine full,
Whereof the white flecks shone like whitest
wool.

With all, far, near, they general favorites
seemed.

It had been noted Harrison them esteemed,
And had at Fort Vincennes them presents
made

Which them it pleased at high feasts to
parade.

Not only were they social stars, but well
At home they stood, nor on them censure fell
That they reserved their pretty, taking airs
For company, and, outside of that, were bears.

The ladies of the fort had given them gay
Things pranked with lace and things to make
crochet.

These looked they on with female smirks of
grace,

But laid them by in one or other place;
Not consonant were these things with their
staid ways,

Nor fell they into this and that dress craze;
And deemed they angular these ladies fair.

Nor liked their shades of eyes and face and
hair,

And when these fair ones came into their
dreams

They ne'er forgot their effeminate little
screams.

Demure they were, these maidens of the wild,
With looks, of course, constrained, and seldom
smiled.

I do not speak of spikenard and ginseng,
Of sassafras bark and slippery elm, the bang,
And other similar frivolous things the sex
The gallant verse to pass unnamed expects;
But know I well that many a pale-faced maid
Helps the petroleum and the tolu trade.

These princesses claimed half a globe to own,
And yet the imagination sees them thrown
All day 'mongst dirty pelts or forest leaves,
And sad neglect which every housewife
grieves:

Domestic lives they led serene, and care
Their cabin showed, 'twas not a lyux's lair.
Not Muses e'er upon Olympus' slopes

By whatsoever poet sung, in tropes
All musical and resonant, e'er were seen
To dip their radiant limbs in Hippocrene
With more of grace, with more of modesty,
clad

Than were these natives of the woodland,
glad

To seek in Tippikanau's waves delight,
And take the place of Naiads turned to flight.

Much they discoursed, much hath the legend
lost,

Hope, joy were with them at the first, but
tost

At last were they upon a troubled sea,
An angry flood, and nowhere seen the lea.

Dread came as waned the murky, lingering
night,

Then hurtling horror's clang, and trembling
fright;

As heard they cries of pain, despair and death
To breathe they scarcely dared, or think of
breath.

The Prophet, when a boy, the chief had
seen

Of chiefs, great Washington; and with his
keen.

Swift glance, that son renowned of Gaul
adored.

The hero of two worlds, he whose true sword
Flashed radiance far o'er fields historic red

With patriot blood on Freedom's altar shed.
Of these he talked; of these and Shawnees
famed.

Much Madison he, the ruling Father, blamed:
"The paleface thinks no longer comes a war;

Bookmen and lawyers now rule nations—awe
Will rule their souls when rise the native
hands,

And, midst red slaughter, seize our plundered
lands."

His nieces, too, while he his pipe enjoyed,
With all the misty future's happenings toyed,

Their games, pranks, journeyings and ex-
change of gifts.

As struggled clouds in heavy, thickening
rifts,

"Ah, uncle," said the younger, "what a time
We'll have at the Four Lakes! And when we
climb

The rocks at Mackinac! Or Pictured Portals
seek!

On them in vain big storms their angers
wreak!

Then the Dacotahs, too, their Thousand Lakes
May us invite to visit, there where breaks
The Father of Waters into cascades fair,
Which fill with rainbows all the brilliant air!
I well remember now that pretty song,
Which once relieved a tedious journey long,
Trilled by a maid from Waves Sky Tinted; so
Upon the moonlight from her lips 'twould
flow:

I will be the belle of Minnehaha!
I will be the belle of Minnetonka!
Let me sail upon thy waves, White Bear!
Let me breathe thine Island's sacred air!
Dance and music, ye are joys divine!
Friends and summer, be ye always mine!

In musings died away the charming voice,
Musings were times which were to her of
choice.

The seer smoked on, his thoughts were with
the past

And future; rolls a ship without a mast;
The silver cover fastened with a click
To hold another charge of killiknuick;
Tobacco oft sent him a Southern friend,
But lest it might his niece's nerves offend,
He seldom used it: he that would be great
Must yield at times in small things sans de-
bate.

And then the elder cousin sighed, and said,
The while she held impatiently her head,
And patted restlessly upon the floor,
And glanced upon the Sombre Open Door:
"This afternoon, as I my usual stroll
Took, past where waves on our loved islands
roll,

With me Cakimi sent her restless boys;
What pleased me wearied her, their ceaseless
noise;

No quail, no squirrel, their quick eyes escaped,
Nor towering tree with hanging grapevines
draped.

Above a patch of flowering water-flag,
A kingfisher I saw all easily drag
From their sweet circuits tawny butterflies.
Herein, O uncle, is it danger lies
And threatening to our cause? Or may it be
The flies are they, the happy birds are we?"

V. -

THE WAR SONG.

"Hist! do I hear the charge? . . . No! Wait!
The time has not yet come to unlock our
hate;

Yes, 'twas but some sly fox or wolf, which
draws

The enemy's line of fire-heaps, or has cause
In some wild wings above us changing skies.
Or could it be from heaven some meteor flies,
Or comet madly whirling in its sphere?
Ah, crazed am I with joy and racked with
fear.

At this high moment, and sustained by hope
That now at last we with the paleface cope.
Go on." "Yes, uncle; know you, ran my mind
On Uncle Tecumseh, ever good and kind?
A glorious day it was when he returned
From a long tour whence he had honor
earned,

Plumed forth for war, as you remember well,
And we closed round to hear what he would
tell;

And, first, before him set the wild rice, fish,
And tempting things delicious dish on dish,

And buffalo marrow, and rich pemican,
And we, sure, deemed him rather God than
man."

"Yes, child," the Prophet kindled at her
speech,

"Tecumseh's merits had the loftiest reach.
You know De Chouset said, the interpreter,
He who the Long Knives said could never err,
He had no easy task to follow forth
Things full of force and philosophical worth,
And lofty flights of eloquence divine,
And golden truths from every gleaming mine,
Tecumseh's mouth would utter; deep and
wide

The interpreter's learning was, but like the
tide

The Father of Waters sends when deep snows
melt,

Were forceful words Tecumseh's, treasured,
felt,

As should he words of those the heavens
endow.

Ah, this is sweet, my darlings, victory now,
While speaks Tecumseh in Tulaura's groves,
(I sometimes think of men as beasts in droves).
He, by my couriers, will the victory learn,
And we proud wreaths illustrious here shall
earn.

Ah, Tawalara, you will find it true,
What I have preached, that in the beginning
grew

All Indian tribes from ours: for ages knew,
In his unbounded ken all nature through,
The Great Spirit only the Shawnees; his brain
Their ancestor produced, of Godlike strain;
From him we are all descended; gave to birth
The French and English, following us in
worth,

The breast of Manitou; while from his feet
The German race came forth, as seemed most
meet.

The Master of Life is with us at this hour;
He will, this night, display his sovereign
power.

To-night the Union is established; here
Shall meet its parliament, called from far and
near;

Here shall the center be of all debates,
Hence shall go forth laws unto all our States.
Here we will found an empire fixed and free;
Here shall Tecumseh rule, sustained by me;
The white race, with their fripperies and
their smirks,

Smiles gracious, wherein rueful danger lurks,
Shall, like the white waves, rocks impending
spurn,

Dash into spray, and not like waves return.
Back, back, beyond the memory of old chiefs,
Or old tradition, rests our title; griefs

Wrongs, murders, lies, all have not quenched
our love

For this dear land; the reigning stars above,
Kehaukee, Pauwan, Talauree, declare
The crisis come, the dawn's deliverance near.
Yes, stars in which our foes affirm their faith,
And then deny; a God with them's a wraith.
And what a race of hypocrites they are!
They have their days for groaning, and they
mar

E'en these with silly laughter and gay routs;
They have their days for laughter, wherein
spouts

Blood from the veins of furious rioters, dazed
With long-drawn games, and all confused and
crazed

With fire-water, which they drink and drink
Till ceases heart to feel or mind to think.

Corrupting, horrible, debasing vice!
To drag us there's their favorite, deep device.
They preach the things we need no preaching
for:

They practice what they please; an open door
is ever ready for the approaching lie.
One of their Black Gowns heard I, who could
vie,

When'er to his red children he would
preach,
E'en with Tecumseh in felicitous speech,
Open the book he carries, written in heaven,
And show the dangerous fire-water should be
driven

Forth from the world; he had his secret flask.
And, in the same discourse he said: "Each
mask

'Ye give the soul discard; 'tis plainly shown
Herein ye should not laugh, nor dance, nor
groan;

Reverent, not joyful, thoughtful he, not sad;
An ancient king said, 'Laughter and mirth
are mad

And sorrow vain;' he heard his friend was
dead

And shook the forest with his moanings dread.
Him gave I from my herd my finest horse:
He let the reigns of merriment have their
course."

Hurled from his coveted heights imperial
down

To bear the red man's contumely, the frown
Of chiefs fed full with envy, and their lies,
Sowed broadcast, and his suffering people's
cries,

He's not the first whom black ambition's lure
Led to betray a cause past hope of cure;
He's not the first whom mad vainglory drove
To try the thunderbolts of jealous Jove;
He's not alone 'mongst leaders of the church
Who saintly purity with statecraft smirch;
Judge him just as he was, a spiritual lord,
With crozier armed, and miter, crown and
sword.

Now ceased the talk, nor cast down nor en-
thusiased

The Prophet sat, and o'er this idea mused:
The idea that whatever man may feel,
He should the emotion steadfastly conceal.
This idea governed all the tribes, east, west,
North, south; on all their minds 'twas
pressed.

"Ye all," the God Hay-o-kah said, "should
live

Calm lives, like mine, lives undemonstrative,"
The Apollo he, who from the earliest days,
Wore midst the Muses aboriginal bays.
A dispensation 'twas of gracious Fate
They felt no rising of delight elate

At sight of this fair land around them spread,
They felt no sorrow when their hopes were
dead,

At least they gave expression none to all;
Each thwarted joy, nor would be sorrow's
thrall.

Somewhat alike to this is the high thought,
With old romance and antique feeling
fraught,

Whereon is based the finest art of Greece
(And shall in this her rulership ever cease?)
The thought which gives their Gods a high
repose.

No Grecian God emotion's traces shows,
No Grecian God is thus made Fortune's toy.
Nor chain confesses of or grief or joy.
Thus is the aboriginal native free,
The highest type is his of liberty.

Free as the Gods, thus his ideal high
Mounts radiant planes, e'en climbs Olympus'
sky.

Emotion? Yes, the fire is burning there,
But unacknowledged; when a Hecla's glare
Lights the horizon, then, in sullen wrath,
Volcanic fires assail the white man's path.
And now the elder princess, pondering still
Ancestral state, of silence broke the thrill:
"Rich hues shall have our totem!" For no
ears

By mighty families old, recalling scars
In strifes Ænean with the Rutuli,
Or later, gained with Nelson on the sea,
Or given by infidels rash in some crusade,
Godfrey or Cœur de Lion famous made,
With feeling greater or more lofty 's viewed
Than by these red men were the legends rude
That held them to the past. "Ah, t'will be
sweet

To see you, uncle, every honor meet!"
Ah, dear, dear girl, the sapphire-crested
throne,

The diamond crown, are not for thee to own,
But meet thy jubilant hopes sat muttering
Fates,

And bark Defeat sits at thy future's gates!

Then in a voice caressing, low and mild,
The Prophet spoke: "Ah, list to me, dear
child,

You women spoil the prophets; through the
town

You sing their ceaseless praises up and down,
Until mere tyrants they become, and prone
To say and do things better let alone.

Hereafter I would hear but just the truth,
This I expect from you not lacking youth;
Yes, let detestable flattery come from men
Uncandid, and from tottering dames, and
when

This bitter war is over, praise me not.
Praise I eschew, 'tis oft so overwrought.
Let us now think of all the risks of war.
Wounds, stress, resistance, watchings, strug-
glings sore.

For my part, were I wounded, death outright
Would be my prayer, or else a wound that's
slight.

A slight wound honor brings, renown and
friends,

A wound severe to lingering tortures tends."
"But, uncle, you assured them none should
die;

Then your philosophy will scarce apply."
"Yes, so I did, the heavens have so declared,
But that Long Knife who leads our foes has
marred,

Perhaps, by magic, all my sovereign plans,
Putting the right beneath his wrongful bans,
This to correct, to disenchant my men,
Soon as the signal's seen, sounds in the glen
That song I practiced oft on Georgian streams
And in that fair Ohio's vale where gleams
The Auglaize, that bright and rippling river,
near

Where leaps, a fountain there, the Wabash
here,

And on the heights we oft have climbed, we
three,

Our Cedar Cliff, romantic, wild and free.
Oft Taupinibeh, Pottawataman King,
In speech profound, but e'er untaught to sing.
The ruler of this realm and other realms,
Whom justly every earthly honor whelms,
He whom De Chouset called Latinus, oft
Nodding to me as to Æneas, soft
Flattery, too, my brother giving, when
Him he declared Achilles chief of men;

Of Taupinibeh would his peace-pipe take,
Brought from the Red-stone Quarry by the
Lake,*

A source that gives its color to the flood
That northward pours its foaming gouts of
blood,

A souvenir of the time he tarried there
As umpire of debates that taxed his care,
And me another give Dacotahs sent
In kind return for hospitality lent,
And say 'Come prophet-king, dismiss delay,
Enough has been our waiting, let's survey
From heights Janiculan ('twas De Chouset's
word)

The maze of valley, forest, prairie, bird.

Star, cloud and sunshine that proud height
affords,

O'er lands where a new Troy shall claim us
lords,"

The words scarce spoken were, the signal
came,

A brand whirled circling, spitting sparks of
flame.

As from the monks of Irenarion's shrine
Who, sleepless, sung the unceasing chant di-
vine,

So rolled upon the night that voice which erst
Had made its owner honored as the first,
The best, of his tribe's orators; alas,
That honors must be lost, and praises pass
Far forth to others! Rolled the song and grew
Full and more full, nor trace of weakness
knew:

Strike, brethren, strike! Strike, braves!
Strike, strike, with anger warm!
Drive, drive your foes as waves
Drive swift the midnight storm!

Forth, brethren, forth to war,
The war of right 'gainst might!
Smite, smite the pale-face sore,
O'erwhelm them in the night!

O, not Tecumseh's fame
A prouder wreath shall bear
Than shall your every name
When men tell what ye dare!

Watch, watch, from rock and bush,
The foe that watches you!
With vigor onward push!
Ye are many, they are few!

Stand, stand, for all your race!
Stand for the young and old!
Meet, meet them face to face,
O warriors true and bold.

Soak, soak the field in blood!
Drive club and axe and knife:
Let bullets pour a flood
Of death upon the strife!

And came, in regular turn, as interlude,
Between each stanza of the strain, the rude,
Emphatic, earnest refrain rising high
And rolled along the weird and darkling sky:

Strike, brethren, strike! Be brave!
Strike, strike! The good cause save!

From time to time came messengers to give
news,
At first all roseate were the announcements;
hues

*In the Côteau des Prairies, just beyond Lake
Travers. Lake Travers is the source of the Red
River of the North.

Of dole come rarely at the first, but grow
The lingering clouds, then comes the crash of
woe.

One of these messengers was Teewalah, vowed
Unto the younger of our maidens; proud
His record was 'mongst Ottowan warriors;
grace

Ruled all his limbs, and dignity his face.
Not more intent was Pelens, when he saw
The Centaur bringing to the coast, when bore
The Argo past his isle, the beautiful boy,
To give sad fates one moment's gleam of joy,
Than was the Prophet when this brave came
near,

Brave by fond woman loved and sacred seer;
For here was Elskwatawa's venture, here,
For his craved Golden Fleece he sought the
mere;

Here shipwreck was before him, and beyond
Would hide him fate's contempt and folly's
frond.

A glance passed 'twixt the lovers, ah, how
sad!

And sad the words, in semblance only glad!
Their mutual loves erst pledged, would fall
forlorn

Beneath the white man's burdening weight
of scorn!

Home, city, empire lost, and prestige gone!
Would bring all this, alas, the hastening
dawn!

Or, rather, let us think calamity naught
Changed in their souls with mutual homage
fraught,

Their mutual faith an amaranth's fadeless
flowers

Retaining all their bloom neath sorrow's
showers.

And spoke her elder cousin: "Ah, how strong
The sulphur-smoke! Uncle, will it be long
Before our braves announce the battle won?
See, there are signs the night's long race is
run."

Ah, sorrowing child of fate and sport of woe,
The morning dawns, but not for thee its glow!
For thee is no nepenthe's balm, dethroned
Thy life hath lost the queenly state it owned!

Loud o'er the forest rung the bugle's notes;
Loud o'er the strife cheer followed cheer, as
floats

Wave after wave, when dash upon the shore
The jubilant billows crested o'er and o'er.

Those notes, those cheers, they knew their
meaning well,
And heavy on their hearts their music fell.

Then came a messenger running, 'twas Twa-
lee,

Betrothed to Tawalara. "Flee, oh flee!"
His first words were, and then his voice es-
sayed

To tell the fight was over: that arrayed
In glittering harness steeds sent down from
heaven,

Mounted by giant riders wielding levin,
Had driven the red men back, and that defeat
Was utter, and all bands in full retreat.

But not one word . . . sobs only came
From lips hot with the battle's smothering
flame,

And whips of furies seemed to sting his soul
Burdened with love and sunk 'neath destiny's
dole.

Naught said he, but the three him under-
stood,

They asked no speech from him in that pained
mood;

He dashed sad tears from out his eyes, sad
sweat
From off his brow; dismayed their eyes had
met
His and his loved ones: he had not the power
The Prophet's eye to meet in that dread hour,
And, as the messenger left, his head inclined
Deeply towards the girl in gesture,
And "Nenemoosha, sweetheart," said his lips,
With somewhat else which from the legend
slips.
Alas! it was their latest greeting, sped
Through that true heart a trooper's charge of
lead!

VI.

THE CAMP.

Then was this Battle Forest nature's child,
'Twas nature's paradise, and not a wild.
There blows a breeze incessant from the vale,
But rises never to a dangerous gale.
Strike, where the Prophet's ancient capital
rose,
Frosts from Pike's Peak†, and hail the north
wind knows,
But where the dead are gathered 'neath the
shade
Of sheltering oaks, the heavens repose; in-
vade
Their peace no storms by battle's besoms
brought,
By mediation are those green mounds sought.
But still aggressive warfare there its ranks
Displays, deploys, for now on Burnett's
banks
Faith has its citadel, religion's cause
Supplies with prayer the battle's loud huz-
zas.
The snares of Satan and the attacks of sin
Here warriors meet; the din's a sacred din;
And earnest pleaders, zealous for the Life,
The Way, the Truth, preach near the field of
strife.
The field of strife remains intact, its fates
Opened to all God's civilization's gates.
There, close beyond, the village rises too,
And but a few miles southward come in view
Domes, spires and turrets, showing where
Lafayette
Shines like a gem in precious bordering set.
No eucalyptus there in torrid heats
Leaps to the skies, nor rank Sequoia meets
The wandering eye, but lusk rich branches
reach
From noble growths, the sugar, oak and
beech,
And hickory, symbol of unyielding will;
From walnuts of both hues fays fruitage
spill;
And, in the valley, limns the graceful plane
Upon the view its tintage not in vain;
And climbs the lofty poplar heights divine,
Caressed, like Virgil's elms, by flower and
vine.
Yes, growths are there for which the borrow-
ing tongue
Of England has no name, which must besing
In tones Algonquin whereto Hesiod dear
And loved Theocritus might lend an ear.

†The principal force of the Pacific and Pike's Peak current, traceable through a series of valleys, the Columbia, Snake, Salt Lake, Grand, Arkansas, Osage, Missouri, Wabash, is directed upon the site of the Prophet's Town, by the conformation of the Valley, and by the same conformation is diverted from the Battlefield.

A plane tree by the prattling brook stood;
vast
It was in burly bulk and hollow; cast
Thereon contented looks the troopers oft,
For saw they there a swarm of bees aloft,
And rightly judged that this wild colony's
home
Would rich stores yield of well-filled honey-
comb.
Surprised the Dryads watched the unusual
scene,
Meek, modest maids, midst sprays of eglan-
tine,
Remote, beyond the din of war's array,
Beyond the grotto's ribs of mossy gray.
Satyrs and fawns, the sons divine of Pan,
Fled trembling from the military plume, and
Dan
Silenus lost his leering, laughing looks,
And himself changed to echoes soft of
brooks;
Fays, fairies, all the sylvan troop, dismayed
The hint their sturdier brethren gave, obeyed;
I know not whether Bacchus left the scene,
Perhaps could tell some contraband canteen!
Full well I know that Pan was there himself,
Friend, one would think, of every woodland
elf,
And heard his terrible voice those native men
Them drive in flight confused through fog
and fen.
Oft thrills of sympathy the embowering
trees
Expressed in moanings to the midnight
breeze,
Some aboriginal Phaethusas there,
Or Dryopes, might stir the midnight air.
Take now the map Columbia shows, and pass
From Wabash banks, beyond where mount-
ains mass,
To California's strands and Oregon's wilds,
Aye, climb Tacoma's heights and seek defiles
That lead to Saint Elias' peak, and there
See Asian seas whose shores our standards
bear!
How many thousand millions does it add,
With mines, with vines, with emerald herbage
glad,
To our resources wide, to our domain
Of acres bearing all all lands attain?
How many hundred millions will it rear,
Trained man to love and God alone to fear?
So many acres has this forest camp
Gained to our flag: so brightly burns the
lamp
Of knowledge, faith and labor in the souls,
More rich, more wise, than any 'twixt the
poles;
So much renown ne'er haughty Argonauts
nerved
'Gainst royal Thebes, where victory they de-
served.
Plodded the weary sentinels on, and heard
Only by dusky wolves the silence stirred,
The dusky wolf at times a covering pelt
'Neath which a spying Indian crept and knelt.
The white-tailed deers' eyes glistened in the
glare
The watch fires cast upon a background, bare
Of aught but ghostly tents and foliage black
And starlight mixed with cloudy rack on
rack.
The migratory birds who sought the balm
Of southern skies startled the scented calm
With clang on clang aerial, as obeyed
Their ranks their captains' orders on them
laid,

Not in the open field the Indian fights,
He plans surprises, ambushades; when nights
With dubious moons are found, then lurks
his craft;

Or, by a sudden, swift movement, he will
waft

His force round to a point not guarded; true
With him means stealthy opportunity; loose
Is his regard to promises made a foe;
Not Punic faith could strategy's windings
know

More intricate than knew the Shawnees,
shrewd

To feign, to lull, to hesitate, to delude.

But history joys to tell that no tribe more
Than did the Shawnees intellectual power
Possess, and statesmanship and eloquence
rare.

Of these Chief Cornstalk's an example fair,
And eminently Tecumseh is, whose bright
Exalted mind enjoyed superior light.

The night capricious was; at times seemed
near

The brilliant winter orbs, distinct and clear,
At times withdrawn; and when the General
stood

Consulting with his aids, the musing mood
Came on him, when the sky all radiant
beamed,

And in their might the constellations gleamed.
"See, there," he said, "yon oak an opening
fair

Gives to observe the miracles vast of air!
Through its broad leafen branches may be
seen,

And through that walnut's, all the Giant's
sheen!

Mark belt and sword! Stand here again!
How wins

The Hexagon's beauty on one! There the
Twins

Are, and Capella! One can easily scan
Procyon, Sirius, Rigel, Aldebaran,
All radiant round the Martial Star, a dream
Of starry splendor in the night supreme!
Just when we reached camp I the planet saw
Far west toward the sun; peculiar awe
Surrounds that heavenly orb; Tecumseh's
gaze,

Which seems alert as well of nights as days,
One evening at the garrison, when it shone,
Just after a rich sunset, all alone
Upon the sky, watched its entrancing rays,
Then thoughtfully said—that man has pious
ways—

"Ah, on the robe of Manitou a bead
Of wampum 'tis!" and bade me give it heed.
Who can forget the singular threat he made
To Tustingee—Thlucce if delayed
Should be that chief's adhesion to the league,
If, as we say at cards, he should renege?
The threat was, and he made it good, that,
day

And date he gave, he, in Detroit away,
Would stamp upon the earth, and thereby
make

The Creek chief's capital, Toockabatcha, shake
To its foundations; this he really did,
Helped by that earthquake called of New
Madrid.*

Tecumseh inspirations had of the divine.
Mind I right well his lordly presence fine

And air superb, when him I once besought
To seat himself in council: "No," he said,
"Is brought

My life from him, my father, yonder sun;
From this my mother, earth, my life was
won,

Upon my mother's bosom it were best
I should repose! "And, it must be confessed
That, on the velvet grass there, he a pose
Of grace insuperable took; and rose
Acutely in my mind that learning old
Whereby in myths heroic we are told
How giants of primeval times on earth
To Coelus and to Terra owed their birth."

Responded Clarke, who envied much the
name

Tecumseh had of special power with game:

"A mighty hunter, too, he is; they say
He has shot down his thirty deer a day."

"The night grows darkling, soon the Pleiades
seven

May rain or mist send from this glorious
heaven.

You've heard that story of Alcmena's breasts?
Don't let the cavalry, boys, forget their crests:
The galaxy is so-called from galax.

Out in the brush there's one of those damned
Sacs!

Through yonder hackberry I just caught his
eye!

Go, try to take him, he's a dirty spy!"

Deem not the bard absurd if here he note
Movements the army would not know by rote.
For knew their leader much of learning old,
Of pages rich with poesy's bright gold;
And, by the light of science, Virgil scanned,
Homer and Milton, nor kept Dante banned
From his thronged shelves. And after him
came a war,

Which made of hearts so many sadly sore,
Whereby the Union of our States was saved
Intact by those who Mars' red thunders
braved;

And he who merited the most in strife
Knew, best of all, this bright, ethereal life,
This wondrous maze of world on world piled
high,

Their ways, their names, their laws, the how
and why

Of all their being: Mitchel was his name,
Name which among the darlings ranks of
fame.

The secret march he knew, the charge, the
dash,

The levin that sends from a clear sky its
crash.

Heroes he taught renowned, at Huntsville's
walls,

How to redeem a nation's million thralls,
How to cut foes in twain and peace compel,

How fields to win and heaven to search as
well.

Alas, he lived not till the victory came!
Heroic, chivalrous, bright with every flame
Of learning and of eloquence! Came the pest,
The yellow Southern plague, and took the
best

Commander of that army up to heaven.
May often such to our loved land be given!

VII.

THE VICTORY.

Then thus kept on the General to his aids
And other officers of various grades:

*A slight anachronism, but one of only a few weeks. The date of the battle of Tippecanoe is November 7, 1811; the date of the earthquake shocks called of New Madrid is of the succeeding month, December.

"The approaching winter sets the birds to flight;
 They travel southward now; 'tis plain, to-night,
 The noise their clattering pinions make. The brant,
 Pishnekuh, I am sure I hear; and can't
 We almost see the green-heads, keen of eye,
 The mallard ducks? Ah, but these birds are shy!
 Say, Waller, might their traveling not suggest
 To our red friends to lose their usual rest?
 The robins, surely, and the bluebirds, too,
 Are almost near enough to be in view.
 And there's the plover, with his 'Dee, dee, dee, Kildee!' He seems to say 'Kill ye, ye, ye!
 Or is't an augury 'gainst those rascally reds,
 Who deem it brave to kill men in their beds?
 What do they call the robin? Opechee?
 And bluebird? Owaissa? I mind the glee
 With which that pretty niece of Elskwata—
 Wa's, one time at the fort, showed when she ^{saw}
 The birds come to be fed on the parade.
 Yes, what attention then her uncle paid,
 The solemn savage, both those artless girls!
 'Twas when I gave them, Wal', those Roman pearls.
 But ah, to-morrow we may other wings
 Not only see but hear; the owl now sings,
 To-morrow vultures may seek you or me;
 But pray to-night, boys; prayer will make us free
 From hesitation in our country's cause,
 For God will not desert her arms and laws."
 A pause ensued, the words had touched the souls
 Of those brave men: at times communion holds
 The man aroused with God, while nature priest
 Is in her forest temples. Talking ceased,
 Until the stanch commander speech renewed,
 While round him stood his officers thought imbued:
 "An Indian deems it right to gain by fraud,
 Ne'er by a qualm of conscience is he awed.
 Well I recall the fights of ninety-four,
 Their ways on the Miami, how they tore
 All compacts all to pieces, 'Watch them boys,
 Mad Anthony always said, 'They make no noise
 More than a snake does, and like it will strike,
 So trust alone to musket, sword and pike.'
 And then our force and discipline stun his mind,
 An this to offset are his lies designed."
 The night was far advanced, the yigil long
 Led back the General to that hero strong.
 The barrier of the West, the frantic foe
 Whose heat in battle rose to furnace-glow.
 But then this hero, though in battle great,
 Failed to allow a reason having weight,
 A reason urged by all Tecumseh's strength
 Of genius and of eloquence, that the length
 And breadth of all this continent was one land,
 Flawless as broad, and permanent as grand,
 One land inhabited by tribes diverse.
 Therefore, Tecumseh, censured as perverse,
 Labored to effect a union of these bands,
 Labored to show the whites how many hands
 Held title and dominion over all.
 The States' rights theory, covered with the pall
 Of dire defeat in our late civil war,

However much it had been praised before,
 Tecumseh deemed pernicious, and maintained
 The whites could hold no land unless 'twere gained
 By universal cession: every tribe
 Must have its share of the dishonoring bribe
 And put its seal of sanction to the deed.
 Strange that his reasoning white men safely
 plead,
 Reasoning which stood the storm in time of need,
 And which a war's dread sanctions made all
 heed,
 Should, 'mongst the Indians, have met failure;
 sad
 That fate treads nation's down, and clad
 In terrors supernatural are the fields
 Where nation, tribe, State, every faculty,
 yields
 Before divine necessity! Holy Writ,
 In simple terms, for truths celestial fit,
 Records that Jacob's heritage spoiled their
 foes;
 Came miracle after miracle aiding those
 Who sought from lands long settled forth to drive
 Their former owners; heaven has seemed to strive
 At Plymouth and at Yorktown to extend
 To invading chiefs all favors of a friend.
 From unseen sources unseen floods of power
 Come down to deluge battlefields, and lower
 Dull clouds of doom, with storm and horror
 black,
 Or hosts by Gideons driven with feigned
 attack.
 Yes, we had taken these rich Wabash plains,
 Part of the Indian national domains,
 From out the jurisdiction of their chiefs.
 This was the ground of all Tecumseh's griefs,
 Of all Tecumseh's sorrow; tribes but few,
 The Kickapoahs, Weas, one or two,
 Had signed the compact; they, remote, alone;
 These little States illegally thus the throne
 Usurped, and gave great spreading tracks
 away,
 Which not to them belonged: the hastening
 day
 Of retribution with Tecumseh came,
 With twanging bowstring, stealthy deaths
 and flame.
 Great tracks the whites claimed where the
 Wabash curves
 Through wooded bluffs, and where tracks
 called reserves*
 Show that the Pottawatamies' and the Shaw-
 nees' guard
 Gave to them gifts, and sought thus to retard
 The ultimate absorption of their parks,
 Great natural gardens, through which log-
 wrought barks
 Made easy voyages, with fish below,
 And, near, wild turkeys, bison, buck and doe,
 Nibbling the fat things that the valleys know,
 Where cresses, berries, grapes and pawpaws
 grow.
 Now came the alarm; successive shots were
 heard;

*By the treaty of Saint Mary's, October 2, 1818, the land on which the Prophet's Town was situated was reserved to the Indians. The entire reservation is a strip six miles long, from the mouth of the Tippecanoe southward along the Wabash, and in width an average of a mile. It is known as the Burnett Reservation, the Burnetts having been the descendants of Cakimi, an Indian princess, sister of Taupinbeh, principal chief of the Pottawatamies, and wife of a French trader. Indian Treaties, 1878 to 1837, p. 253.

The camp at once with fevered frenzy stirred;
As signal dread of danger, the long roll
The startled air shook, shook the startled
soul;

The tents were emptied, men took place in
rank;

Sounds of command came through the vapors
dank:

"Attention, battalion, form ranks, form
ranks, dress!"

And: "Hurry there, men, take arms, take
arms, press

The line full forward." "Look out on the
flank!"

"Here on the front, hug the flank, hug the
bank!"

And "Form the new alignment, march!"
"Receive

The enemy in front in two lines!" "Relieve
That corner with fixed bayonets!" "Stand,

men, stand!"

"Music to the center, fife and drum and
band!"

"Attention, company, to the right wheel,
march!"

A wheel the army formed, its tire an arch.
"Platoon, attention, ready, take aim, fire!"

A stream of death came from the smoking
tire.

The exigency some men brought half dressed,
With half-open eyes, and dreaming slumbers
pressed.

Forbes, like the classic hero, in his shirt
Sought his command, and Orcus fed ungirt.

And rose the Long Knife's orders on the
breeze,

While flashed gun, sword and epaulet 'mongst
the trees:

"Close up, my brave boys, we can whip
them!" "Mark,

The red devils hope to break our ranks
there!" "Parke,

Drive now with all your force!" "Taylor, at-
tend!

Go, Spencer tell, down at the field's far end,
To hold his Yellow Jackets 'till well in hand."

"Go, Hurst, and tell Wells I want him to
stand

Till freezes over hell, and he shall save
His company, the bravest of the brave,

And all now here; else, Hurst, boy, we are
gone,

He, I and Floyd and Daviess, Owen and
Croghan!"

"Ho, Tipton, run there quickly, quench those
fires!

From Decker and Baen take what the work
requires,

Get water from the creek, and throw a guard
Well forward, you will find the service hard."

"If Boyd his customary coolness keeps,
And that his valor caution not o'erleaps,

He'll throw an avalanche upon them, sure,
To give their appetite for fight a cure."

"There Barton and Geiger must hold firm as
fate;

Their rifles' aim is wonderfully straight;
Their horses, too, are brave Kentucky stock,

Like men they stand, firm as a mountain
rock.

"The line keep, Cook and Peters! Push those
reds!"

"What from the creek? The Indian line, see,
spreads!"

*A volunteer force, commanded by Spencer, was
so called from the color of their coats, a light
drab. The name sometimes given to a wasp or
hornet.

"Baen, Prescott, forward! Firm! Hold the left
flank!

Red devils see in force now mount the bank!
Down on them! Have a care!" There on the

left

Blaze Warwick's rifles, suffering and bereft
Of their fine leader; and there Spencer's dead,

And his lieutenants both. O time of dread!
"Robb, from the centre come thou, and give
aid,

Let be by slaughter slaughters dire repaid!"
"Take, Prescott, of the Fourth United States,

The place by Robb made vacant and his
mates."

"Poor Owen is fatally wounded, and is rash
Jo Daviess to excess; the man has dash

And zeal to put great Lucifer's self to flight,
But he the lines must keep, or die this night."

"The Prophet I don't see." "No, he is
perched

Upon a bluff near, like a woman churched.
The infamous old rascal's singing songs

He says will soon redress the Indians'
wrongs."

"Well, let him trust that horrid twang; a lull;
Yes, I can hear its harsh monotony dull,

It must these pious red men much console."
"Take care, there's Dirk; that darky's soul

Is stained with treason, but he's pinioned
there,

Like Caiaphas' self nailed on hell's pavement
bare,

As shows the Inferno we at Greenville read.
(List to that Prophet with his dronings dread.)

But Dirk would move e'en Satan with those
eyes,

And I'll forgive his treason and his lies."
"A gap now in the sky Andromeda shows,

Midst constellations mirroring boreal snows;
And Perseus; he white, she black (by the bye,

The fates at last have spread a clouded sky).
He saved the girl from Juno's wrath, and

drove
The dragon back and broke her chains, and

love
So wrought on him he married her; I doubt

If this be so. From these old stories out
Must half be stricken before you have the

truth."
"Yes, the court martial, when his tender

youth
Is taken into the account, should free the

boy—
I know a cabin where 'twill make much joy.

Yes, Snelling, I am glad you speak for Dirk,
He's wild, but still all right if kept at work."

"Well, General, are you safe yet?" asked an
aid,

The while the hero, ever undismayed,
Heard roar and crash, and saw, in ceaseless

flood,
All round him flow the boiling, mutual,

blood.
"Why, no; but—only a mere scratch, my coat

A bullet hole has; so has my hat; just note
How near to Charon's ferry I; and here,

Take Taylor's mare, she's wounded, bring me
Deer."

"Here, here, they come! Strike, Wilson, that
snake down!"

"Ah, thank you for that service, Ensign
Brown!"

"He gave me that same look once at Vin-
cennes,

The time Tecumseh gave us trouble,"
"Friends,

Let's all be steady." "Close up there, brave men!"

"I see the dawn, and with it, peace again."

"Go see if they are strong enough there, Clarke!"

"Those slumbering logs again are kindling!" "Hark!"

And close beyond the encampment's east line, "Charge!"

Was heard along the entire embankment's marge.

"I hear their jangling deer hoofs, 'tis *their* sign.

To charge along their whole demoniac line. Those Yankee plowboys surely will stand firm, For bravery's, in their home, no idle term."

Wheeling they come, with gallant swing, the same

That throws, on holiday scenes, from fire-works flame.

Flaming they wheel; flame, wheel, the order made

To be o'er all the field as law obeyed.

The bayonets of the infantry drive back.

At last, the riotous fiends, and quell attack;

The irresistible dragons the marsh

Fill with the bands that fly that tempest harsh.

The exultation of the White Chief voice

Sometimes attained; was sometimes mute by choice.

"Ah, those are brave men!" "There's Bartholomew!" "Fame,

Blow thou through all thy trumpets name on name!"

"Hargrave and Wilson! Barton! Brilliant Scott!"

"If braver men exist I know it not!"

Yes, there are victories sung in olden lays

That were not won with greater claim to praise,

Cæsar none prouder for his cohort claimed,

The first cohort of his tenth legion famed.

Nor Frederick when, in wild despair, he saw

His favorite regiment slaughtered at Torgau.

And here were men, among the national

troops,

Whose fathers fired between the fences' loops

At Lexington, and on the hill of Breed

Met glorious wounds, rejoicing there to bleed

With Warren, and at Bennington shed lives,

And Saratoga, for our babes and wives.

But how depict the battle! If the day, Midst sulphur fumes and dust of the affray, Lends terror to a scene of mutual strife,

What must the murky night produce when life hangs on the uncertain edge of troubled dreams,

When deep-prized sleep is broken by the screams

Of maddened demons; when the secret ping

Of the chewed bullet, and the deadly ring

The poisoned arrow gives, come to the soul,

The while sounds ominous forth the dread long roll

For all to spring to arms, and comes a rain

Of orders from the leaders (some profane).

The task is idle: this e'en Homer tried

In vain; he gives, instead, one homicide

Upon another, tells how many slew

His hero Hector, how Achilles flew

Here, there, intent, in mourned Patrocles' cause,

To make his list of dead his friend's applause.

Words cannot paint the scene, the deep, intense

Reality no speech can compass; fence Is here to genius, here it finds its bound. E'en colors can't paint fire, and this is found On art's own easel, this Van Schendel knew, Most skilled of all e'er light on canvas threw.

Only the poet can the evening's scene And morning's paint, the mighty sheen Of arms reposing or preparing, smiles That wait the coming battle, or sad miles Of wounded stragglers, groans suppressed or given,

And prayers for death or water thrown to heaven.

The deepest things and highest all outgo Whatever flight of song, whatever moan of woe.

Rose o'er the field the voice of conflict dire, Mixed rifle, hatchet, sword and knife and fire, Club smote on musket, musket smote on club, Smoked hot the wheel of fight, tire, spoke and hub,

Yell answered yell, the bubbling war whoop wild

Defiance bore from every forest child,

And screams defiant gave foes, teeth to teeth, While victory yet gasped in her sulphur wreath.

The death-groan startled all that horrid air, Aloft the red fiend flung the trophied hair,

His tawny brethren grim the bloody ground

At full length struck with dull and sickening sound.

Was thickly strewn the ground with feathered chiefs,

Ah! who can tell the weight of that night's griefs?

Griefs, joys, in war or peace, contrasted stand, And joys awaited now that conquering band.

The struggle's fierce contention held them yet

The rapture, and the frenzy, and the sweat.

They could not, at the first, be made to know

That, in the cause all-glorious, such a blow

By them had been dealt out, by them was fixed;

Doubt yet was with their pride of battle mixed.

The regulars stood, machines of death, all cool

To deal out slaughters still by prescribed rule.

The volunteers, ecstatic and all nerve,

Burned to rush forward, nor could yet observe

Upon the General's face his high repose,

Repose vouchsafed to him who duty knows,

And knows the victory come, and clamor hears

Of plaudits given down through the lengthening years.

So Harrison felt, such things he saw, foresaw,

And knew himself a rallying cry of power.

At first he had no voice; the event had come,

It found its chosen hero meekly dumb.

The bugles sounded, waked the regular up

To drink of peace the rich, abundant cup,

Relaxed fixed duty's forms, and bade the heat

In boiling veins of raw recruits retreat,

And bade the leaders of the fray provide

For wounds, for death, and for their glory wide.

What are the vestiges of this hard-fought field?

What yet remains by time still unconcealed?

Where are the veterans? Eighty years have
passed,
Save one, and over all the stirring scene is
cast

The glamour of romance. But we may pause,
And ask the rise, the spring, the philosophical
cause

Of that event: Whence came it? Where to
tend

Did it? Does it instruction's wisdom lend
To themes of nations? Was it force? Or
law?

May moralists thence a healthy inference
draw?

Was it ordained by Mars from olden times?
Or from the mist came it to deck these
rhymes?

A few old men the veterans are, then youths;
A line of graves marks history's steps; the
truths

Divine contended for remain; the new
Race brought in conflict with the old; renew
Herein their meaning the repeated signs
Of given ascendancy; the pleasant lines
Kept for the one, and for the other woes,
Contempt, oppression, ribaldry, lies and
blows.

Great battles are the pivots whereon turn
The points of destiny; the sepulchral urn,
Vine wreathed, and spread with sweet
memorial flowers

Has brought in arts of peace; the haughtier
powers

Fought down with sacred force, and crushed
the strong,

And saved the weak from many a hideous
wrong;

Has served to inaugurate the reign of law,
And tribes of men from brutal ignorance
draw.

There was the Milvian Bridge, by which in-
crease

Was given of glory to the Prince of Peace!

There was Soissons, which drove imperial
Rome

Forth from fair France, of rising art the
home:

There was proud Waterloo, which peace re-
stored

To Europe, slave of an aspiring lord;

There was our Yorktown's siege, whose bugles
blew

Far forth fair fame to patriots tried and true;
There was our Huntsville's capture, which in
twain

Cut armed rebellion, impious, rash and vain.

The highest consecration is of blood,

The highest sacrifice, the richest good;

So history all, remote and recent, shows;

This through the plan of man's redemption
flows.

The best blood of our land has soaked this
soil,

It sealed the record of unselfish toil.

There is a feeling which controls the man

More than all creeds, opinions, interests can;

It is the feeling that the patriot calls

To duty's ranks, and cheers him when he
falls.

With reverence, then, tread we these sylvan
shades!

With reverence cast our glance along the
glades

Which, in the battle, heard the hot huzza,
The rush, the crash, the struggle heard, and
ah!

Heard cries of pain from wounded men, and
deep.

Soul-sickening sobs that led to icy sleep!

Yes, this is consecrated ground; to it

We owe all forms of ceremonial fit;

We owe the polished shaft that seeks the sky,

Ornate with praise to meet the expectant eye.

There let the laurel and the cypress twine,

And mortal memories mix with thoughts
divine!

ERRATA.

- Page 4. Begin "stone" with capital S; and for "bcok" read
brook.
- Page 5. For "fawn," read faun.
- Page 11. For "ears," read lars.
- Page 13. After "gesture" supply *kind*.
- Page 14. For "leafen," read leafless.
- Page 15. For "them gifts," read *their* gifts.
- Page 18. For "healthy," read healthful.

Other errors will suggest themselves to the intelligent reader.

The errors arose from the failure of the printer to submit re-
vises to the author.
